

## Chapter 488

Violet

I brushed my palms over his chest, hot from the water, as he smiled down at me. He was much calmer than he had been inside the temple where I had sensed his nerves. I could feel it.

But I didn't understand...

I didn't understand how, after everything we had talked about, he could still be like this.

He raised his brows. "Are you not going to talk?"

"I hate it," I breathed. "I hate that thing inside of you, hate that you took it for me without telling me, but tonight when Aelius said you were the only one who could go into that cave, I was almost happy that you had it," I admitted. "And I have been hating myself for that one second the whole way back to school."

He nodded slowly. "Okay."

Okay?

I kept going. "And then I started thinking about Dylan, who had pissed me off in the woods when he praised you after hearing you had done it for me. I was furious at both of you because I thought that was a reckless way to look at it. But now I'm practically saying yes to you walking into that cave that might kill you." I gave his chest a slight push. "And I really don't want you to go, but I also want my parents back, and I feel like a horrible person for letting you do this. Sure, Aelius said the reason he needs them back is because we can use their strength, but I don't care about that. I just want them here...and I hate that thing inside of you, but

I love the selfish thought of it being able to bring them back. I don't know what to do with that." My voice cracked. "I'm confused."

Kylan opened his mouth. "I think—"

"Oh," I cut him off, "and I'm also freaking out about the part where you'll have to learn how to control Baelor." I placed my hands on my hips and started pacing, stepping away from the hot water. "Kian has Gloria, he has embraced that darkness, and all we've got is hope. What if it fails, and the darkness takes you over and I lose you to it?"

"You won't—"

"And my eyes?" I gasped out. "I have been instructed to magically find a cave Aelius cannot even see while those same eyes have given me headaches and nightmares over the past months, a- and I haven't even started yet, but I'm already exhausted!"

I shut my mouth. When Kylan's hand settled around my waist again, I realized I had paced right back to where I had started.

He gave me a squeeze, making me look up at him. "Are you done?"

He squinted at me, his head tilting to the side.

I bobbed my head, a bit out of breath. All I had just told him was what I thought we would've discussed in the woods, and I was happy to get it all out. It felt like a weight being lifted off my shoulders.

I felt sorry for having followed him to the shower to dump it on him, but it felt great.

"Can I talk now?"

"Go ahead."

A chuckle left him as he brought his hand up to my hair and pushed a wet strand behind my ear. He didn't speak right away, but bought himself a second as if he was slowly calculating his words.

"You not giving a shit about what they can do for the war, and just wanting your parents back is not selfish or heartless," Kylan stated. "There's nothing wrong with you for hoping the thing inside me, the thing you hate, can bring them home," he said. "A selfish person wouldn't be standing in a shower losing her mind about whether it's okay to want her mom and dad back. That's a person with a heart, Violet."

A warmth spread through my chest. It was hard to get it out. But having him look at the worst part of what I had just shown them and tell me it wasn't the worst part made me feel a bit better about the mess going on inside my head.

"I'm afraid we won't ever agree on the Baelor part," he chuckled lightly. "You will get annoyed by me, I won't agree with every word you say, but we'll just have to learn how to work around it and accept each other's opinions because we're in this together." He nodded his head, and I gave him a nod in return.

"We should focus on the one thing we both agree on, and that is that we both want to save your parents," Kylan said. "So I will train this shadow inside of me and you will hate me for it. You will push through to find the cave, which I know you will...and that's all we should be focusing on for now. The things we do agree on."

The things we do agree on...

His words were so simple.

"My friend says we're in our band-aid phase."

Kylan's brow lifted. "Band-aid—"

"Band-aid phase," I repeated. "A big wound with a band-aid that's bound to bleed again?"

Kylan released a hum before reaching past me to turn off the shower without warning. "Trinity is wrong," he chuckled as he stepped past me to get out. "I am serious about not wanting to fight you again, Violet. I won't let that happen."

I felt heat rise into my cheeks as I followed after him. "Who said it was Trinity?"

Kylan let out a quick snort. He grabbed a clean towel and tossed it at me while I caught it just in time and pressed it against my chest.

"Trinity's the only friend you have."

"That's not true!" I argued. "I have friends now."

"Really?"

"Yes."

Another snort slipped past him. "You have one friend you talk about me with, Pup. And Trinity has made it very obvious that she wants to kill me."

Right...

"She's just being a good and loyal friend," I said, closing my eyes.

"I know."

When I opened them again, my eyes drifted down before I could stop

them. They traveled down his chest, to his stomach, to the line of his towel and...

He was not hard?

He wasn't even a little turned on.

My brows knitted.

"Yes, Pup," Kylan said, glancing down at himself. "All that Baelor talk didn't exactly do it for me."

A laugh came out of me, but died fast as he turned around to grab another towel for his hair. My eyes landed on the line of his back, and traveled all the way down.

I gulped and bit the inside of my lip. Possessed or not, I missed him fucking me stupid until my toes curled. The way he touched me, made me forget about everything, the sounds only he could pull out of me...

No, Violet.

What's wrong with you?

Control yourself.

"Is she going to, or is she not?"

My breath hitched, eyes shot up as I met Kylan's eyes through the mirror. A smirk was plastered on his lips.

I felt my cheeks burn. "Am I what?"

"You're staring, Pup."

I tried to play it off. "No. I'm not."

Kylan let out a lazy yawn, throwing back his head in the process. He sighed. "If you want to test the waters before going any further, there are other ways," he chuckled. "I've got a mouth, fingers, or any other creative methods you can come up with, whatever you want."

A chortle escaped me. "That's so generous of you."

I bit my lip again, not completely shutting it down. Kylan noticed.

"I don't want to pressure you, but just think about it," he let out a small laugh. "In the meantime, we should seriously get some sleep. Especially you, don't you think?"

He walked out of the bathroom, while I stood there, thinking about his words. All of them.

His offer, but most of all the part about dreaming.

I had to dream tonight.

Grandpa Aelius said the nightmares were the only way for me to find Mom and Dad's location.

I had spent weeks running from those nightmares, but it was time to stop running now.